

# The Daily Freeman.

VOL. I.

CITY OF KINGSTON, (RONDOUT,) N. Y., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1872.

NO. 249.

**THE DAILY FREEMAN,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.  
Sundays excepted,  
BY HORATIO FOWLES,  
at the  
Newkirk Building, Division St.,  
City of Kingston, (Rondout, N. Y.)

The Daily Freeman will be an Independent Republican Journal, with an opinion on every subject, firm in its advocacy of freedom, equal rights and just laws for all men; outspoken in its opposition to the abuses and follies of the day, in favor of progress and improvement everywhere, and especially devoted to the interests of the City of Kingston and vicinity.

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Local News and especially City, Town and County News will receive special attention, paid correspondents being employed in all parts of the county. All news received from other than our regular correspondents will be paid for if useful. Full reports of all important meetings will be presented, and in every respect the DAILY FREEMAN will be a First-Class Paper and a worthy companion of the WEEKLY FREEMAN.

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## Tackling the Tiger.

THE BEAUTIES OF BEING REDUCED TO A SOLITARY \$5 BILL—A NOTED LOCAL GAMBLER EXPERIENCES AN ASTONISHING RUN OF LUCK—NERVE AND GOOD FORTUNE BREAK THE STRONGEST "BANK" IN CHICAGO—THE STORY OF A NIGHT AT FAIR.

(From the Chicago Times.)

Probably there is no man better known among the sporting fraternity in the Southern and Western country than Johnny Dowling. Socially, he is genial and generous. In appearance he is a gentleman. He dresses in good taste, is temperate in his habits, and gambles because he loves it. The excitement of the gambling room is necessary, so he thinks, to his existence. The necessary, sometimes almost unbearable quiet which hangs over and around the fair table to his heaven of bliss, the click of the ivory checks music to his soul; the feeling which follows a heavy losing or winning, a pleasant change from the bustle or confusion of the noisy world outside. The characteristics also prevail to a greater or less extent with other members of the gambling fraternity.

A few evenings ago Dowling was seated at supper in the Merchants' Restaurant. Your first-class gambler is epicurean in his habits, and a plentiful supply of good things has been placed before him by jolly Sam, the tall waiter of the establishment. But Johnny was without an appetite, and the dishes were untouched. Instead of eating the man sat with his eyes fixed on vacancy, his head resting on one hand while with the other he drummed with a knife upon the table.

Dowling was in deep thought. Things were not prosperous with him. Times were dull, and the new gambling law had made people suspicious. Besides, in the kindness of his heart, he had loaned a large amount to another "professional man," who had lost every cent fighting the tiger. After a few moments spent in study, Dowling arose, and stepping up to the cashier's desk paid his bill. When he laid down the money he said: "Charlie, that five dollar note is all the money I have in the world."

He then remarked something about as well having none at all as such a little bit, and that he reckoned he would go over and "play it in."

The second floor of No. — West Madison street was crowded with professional and non-professional men, who had stepped in merely to gamble for a while, and then, win or lose, to go away richer or poorer, as the case might be. Around the table, which stood at the end of the long room, were grouped nearly two dozen gentlemen, who were playing against the far bank. The roulette table was deserted; the sweat cloth was without a customer, the poker tables were unoccupied. The many gas-jets threw a bright light on handsome oil-paintings; the sideboard was crowded with a tempting array of bottles; boxes of fragrant Havanas were at hand, while through a half-opened door was seen a dinner-table well supplied with all the delicacies of the season.

Dowling entered the room, and politely requested the "looker-out to hand him over \$4 worth of "white chips." A white chip is the cheapest kind used by gamblers. Dividing his pile into two equal parts he placed them on two of the cards which overspread the table. He won, and again and again he won. Then he changed his white chips for red ones, and he increased his bets. Each check now represented \$5, and seldom was it he laid down less than a dozen on a single card. Occasionally he lost, but oftener he won, and one corner of the table was soon covered with his winnings.

Several piles were shoved toward the dealer, and in their stead was handed him a "stack of blues." Each blue check was worth \$50. Then the playing was continued. The hours passed away, and more than half the persons in the room when Dowling entered had gone home. The gamblers remained, for they saw that a big game was being played, and to them, next to the excitement of being a participant, is the chance to be a looker-on in such gigantic contests. At twelve o'clock the dealer stopped for supper and another took his seat. The silence, which had become almost painful, was broken by the words: "Shall we play it no limits?"

"Just as you like, sir. Go on with your betting," was the courteous reply of the new dealer, who was the proprietor himself.

One by one the others stopped playing. There was but as a molehill beside a mountain. The dealer could ill afford to be bothered with one and two dollar bets when thousands were at stake. The blue checks had been exchanged for yellow ones, each worth

\$500. The darkey attendant had fallen asleep on a sofa. The waiters had long since cleared the dining-table, and outside the street was no longer a busy, bustling thoroughfare. Across the way sleepy char-women stood for a few moments on the Sherman House steps and then commenced their scrabbling. Daylight was breaking in the east, and across the calm, smooth waters of the lake already appeared the harbingers of the coming morn.

Dowling determined to make one final effort, and if he failed then the tiger's remorseless claws might stretch out and take his last cent. He looked at the case-keeper and saw at a glance what the box contained. There was less than a dozen left, and among them were a deuce, a tray, and the ace of clubs. Each one was a case card, and he resolved to stake his all on one of these.

"I would like to double these or lose all and quit," he spoke the words slowly and very low; but the dealer heard them, and he nodded his head. There were just thirty-three yellow chips in the three piles. Dowling placed them gently on the deuce, and then taking up three wooden checkers he placed them on top of the three piles, thus "coppering them," as the phrase is.

Sixteen thousand dollars and upward was a large sum. It was playing for high stakes, and possibly the dealer's hand may have trembled a little bit as he started to draw forth the few remaining pieces of pasteboard.

The forefinger and thumb of the left hand were placed on the uppermost cards, and one by one they fell either to the right or to the left. He was on the slow very cautious, very careful, and the man on the outside was very watchful. Once there was a queen on top in the silver box, and when the dealer began to push it out from its resting place there was a white show on the card beneath. It must be either the ace, the tray, or the deuce. If the latter then Dowling would win; for the queen must fall on the farther pile. Gently the card was passed through the thin opening, and there lay the tray of diamonds. The dealer heaved a sigh of relief, and for an instant Dowling's face was pale with vexation.

The dealer again commenced to deal the cards, and he had hardly started the tray when again there was a white show. He paused, and taking from his pocket a grain of coffee, placed it in his mouth. Dowling arose from his seat, and half leaning, half standing, whispered: "Go ahead mit de moosie."

He was not half so calm as he wished to appear, however. He was timidly nervous, and his pale face was much whiter than there was any need for. The dealer took the edge of the exposed card between the tips of his thumb and finger of his right hand and drew it out. The deuce of spades was the next card, its two dark spots shining like immense diamonds to lucky Dowling, while to the proprietor they were the black emblems of misfortune.

Coolly taking up the cards and the silver box, and the case-rack, the proprietor placed them in a drawer, without ever saying a word. From the same receptacle he brought out a check-book, a bottle of ink, and a pen. He counted over the yellow checks which were yet standing on the same spot, and then he filled out a check on the — National Bank for \$15,000, and signed his name. He then took from the till \$1,500 and placed them beside the check. Then turning to Dowling he gave him his winnings and said:

"Johnny, you have done that which the law could not do. You have closed this bank—Good night."

Butchers' wagons were rattling over the pavement; the street sprinklers had started to make their daily rounds; omnibuses for early trains were at the hotel doors; the newspaper carriers were hurrying to supply their customers, and newshaws were yelling as only they can yell, and the sun was already peeping above the house-tops on the East side, when Dowling left the room. An hour later he was enjoying a hearty breakfast, and later in the day, when "Charlie" met him and asked him how he had prospered, with his last \$5 bill, Johnny told of how, after struggling all night long, he had clipped the claws of the strongest tiger in Chicago.

## Longfellow Lost to the Turf.

THE OPINION OF A VETERAN HORSEMAN.

Watering place correspondents and others, who know little or nothing about horses on the turf, have been writing letters of late to the provincial press, stating that Longfellow was again all right, and was taking his gallops as usual—when in fact the horse is hopelessly lame, and can never again appear on the turf. A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, well known as a horseman of ability and experience, whose judgment is entitled to great respect, writes on this interesting subject as follows:

I have just returned from the course, where I have been a daily visitor since the contest between Harry Bassett and Longfellow. Since then I have seen Longfellow at least twice a day, and have frequently and carefully made examinations, to ascertain the nature and cause of his lameness, and have also anxiously watched the progress of his improvement, which, though somewhat slow, is gradual.

He can now, yet not confidently, stand for a short time upon his left fore leg, which is the seat of the disaster. The leg is bathed two or three times a day with cold water, and his journey to the well for that purpose, about thirty yards from the stable, too plainly indicates the extent and severity of his injury. I hazard but little in expressing my thorough conviction that Longfellow is hopelessly, irrevocably "broken down." I have been informed by reliable authority that two or three days before the race he "pulled up" lame after his exercise, and that was not an unusual occurrence.

His ankle, which has heretofore frequently in his training given unmistakable evidence of weakness, is now completely disabled, and the suspensory ligaments—the all-important running gear, the elastic springs which enable the horse to extend himself and recover from the bound—in the desperate struggle yielded and gave way to his terrific propelling force, and I have not the faintest hope that they can ever again perform their functions. In this condition Longfellow has bid farewell to the turf.

I attach very little importance to the cut which was upon the outside quarter of the left fore foot, just above the coronet. It matters but little when, where, or how it happened, it being barely skin deep. Nor do I think the twisting of the plate could have caused him any material inconvenience under such an excitement.

## An Inland Sea that Never Gives up Its Dead.

Lake Tahoe Correspondence of the San Francisco Bulletin.

Some twelve or fourteen persons have been drowned in this lake within the past ten years; none of the bodies have ever been recovered. Superstition ever ready to weave a sensation from nature's laws, asserted that there was a doubtful mystery in the non-recovery of the drowned; that, in fact, a monster had its abode in that fresh water sea, and that the bodies all passed into his capacious maw. The true explanation of this mystery has never been given. The non-appearance of the bodies is due to three causes. The first is, the great purity of the water, and its consequent lack of buoyancy. Drowning is very easy in it, for this reason, though I have not, while swimming in it, found any more than ordinary difficulty in sustaining myself.

The second and main cause is due to the great coldness of the water. Even at this, the warmest season, the surface water is as cold as the drinker desires it to be, but it is warm there compared with its temperature at the depth of one hundred to two hundred feet. It is as cold there as the arctic heat of an iceberg. When a body sinks in the lake to the depth required, it is frozen stiff. The process, of course, preserves it, so that the gas which originates in the body from decay in other water is prevented, and distension checked. The body is thus kept in a state of greater specific gravity than the water in which it is suspended, and thereby prevented from rising to the surface.

The third cause lies in the great pressure of the pure water on anything which is sunk to a great depth in it. Corps placed on deep sea nets are pressed down in a week to half their size; and one of the oldest residents of the lake expresses the belief that, by the time a man's body has been suspended for a week at a depth of about 200 feet (it is not likely that it ever reaches the cavernous and almost fathomless bottom of the great lake), the compression of the water has reduced its size to that of a child's. Doubtless the idea of unconfined suspension in such a "world of water" is not a pleasant one to contemplate; but to be pressed in a solid mass, and suspended in a liquid coffin of ice temperature, is quite as pleasant as interment and mouldering in the ground.

## The Boy who Swallowed a Music Box.

It was an awful fate for such a little boy. His father had bought for him a miniature music box which played four tunes. It was long and narrow, and not much larger than a ten cent note. So one day, just after the music box had been wound up, Thomas got to fooling with it, and placed it in his mouth, and accidently swallowed it. When Thomas went down to dinner, certain strange strains of mysterious music seemed to be wafted from under the table, and the food became cold while the family groped around on the floor trying to discover whence the sound came. But the truth was discovered at last. While the family was at prayers that evening Thomas got the hiccups, and the musicbox started out, all of a sudden, with "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Whereupon his father rose from his knees, and grasped Thomas by the hair, and shook him up a lot, and asked him what he meant. They tried their best to get the music box out, but it stuck fast, and every time they would pour some new kind of an emetic down Thomas' throat the machine would give a sort of fresh spurt, and grind out "Home Sweet Home," or "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love." And so they were compelled to permit that music box to remain upon the interior, and it made him miserable, because just as likely as not while he was lying asleep in bed in the middle of the night, the melody works inside would begin to revolve and would play "Kathleen Mavourneen" for two or three hours, unless the peg happened to slip, when it would switch back again on "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and rattle that tune out until Tommy's brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair and make him feel miserable. And the same way when he went to church. Very likely, right in the midst of the most solemn part of the service, when everything has hushed, that undigested harmonicon would give a preliminary buzz and reel off "Thou'lt never Cease to Love." And it will kill him. Unless that music box can be got out Thomas will die.

## Stealing a Livery Stable.

From the New Albany (Ind.) Ledger, July 22.

Edinburg, in Johnson county, hears of the pain in the horse stealing business. Last night, as we learn by special telegram from that town, one light sorrel horse, one bay horse (one eye out), one light and one dark bay mare, two black Indian ponies, three top buggies, two buggies, five sets of single harness (one set of double harness, were stolen from John Snapp, of Edinburg, the thieves being five in number, and the whole affair being arranged with great skill by a gang of most accomplished swindlers.

A man bargained with Mr. Snapp for the stable and its stock of horses and buggies. To secure payment of the purchase money he agreed to execute a mortgage on the property for the full amount of the purchase. Mr. Snapp, who seems to be a bland and childlike individual, took up with this proposition readily, and the purchasers passed into possession. This was all right as far as it went, but unfortunately for Snapp it did not go very far. For on Saturday night the purchasers procured four persons, and picking up the stable, departed with it to parts unknown. And now comes Mr. Snapp, in dire distress at his grievous loss, and telegraphs Marshal Kendall of this city to stay the fugacious rascals who are "getting away" with his property, if so be they come within his bailiwick. But up to this writing they have not put in an appearance hereabouts.

In 1870 a vast audience in the Paris Opera House undertook to sing the Marseillaise, and broke into a general la-la and tra-la-la, quite ludicrous, I should think, to hear. They reported to this subterfuge because they did not know the words, and eked out their performance by embraces and grimaces and gesticulations; in short, they could not sing the words for the blessed privilege of singing which they had been leagued in all sorts of secret plots and sanguinary conspiracies for years!

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36 MILES FROM THE CITY OF  
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206-2

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THE OLD SCHUYVER PLACE,  
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STABLES UNFURNISHED. M. D. PERRINE.  
Kingston, April 3, 1872. 434A72m6m

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GOLDEN EAGLE.  
SIGN OF THE  
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PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PARTIES, PIC NICS, EXCURSIONS, FAIRS, FESTIVALS, &c.

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Every One Knows It.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY  
GOOD SEGARS, CHEWING AND  
SMOKING TOBACCO, PIPES  
AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES,  
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When you are dry and hungry call at Herman's, eat, drink and  
be merry, for next Fall some one must be elected.

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To soothe their excited feelings meet at Herman's  
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THE GARDEN IS BLOOMING WITH ALL THE BEAUTIES THAT NATURE  
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And you will learn that we act according to our motto,  
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THE STEAMBOAT  
**MARY POWELL,**  
CAPT. A. L. ANDERSON,  
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Rondout, 5.30 Newburgh, 7.30  
Hyde Park, 6.00 Cornwall, 7.45  
Poughkeepsie, 6.30 West Point, 8.05  
Millon, 6.45 Cozzens' Dock, 8.10  
New Hamburgh, 7.00  
Arriving in New York at 10.45.  
Returning will leave New York, from Vestry  
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Breakfast and dinner served on board.

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promptly, and take Good Risks as low as  
any First-Class Insurance company.  
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has secured during the term it has transacted busi-  
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